A WOMAN DEFIES THE GALLOWS

AURORA HODGE REFUSES TO BE-TRAY THE MAN SHE LOVES.

Persists in Saying She Is Guilty of a Murder It is Impossible She Committed-Apparently Shielding the Real Murderer -Who's the "Man From Everywhere"?

SALT LAKE CITY, Aug. 22.-Aurora Hodge, a girl of 19, has confessed that she murdered James X. Ryan, a travelling merchant. For several reasons it is deemed impossible that she killed Ryan and it is believed that she is facing the prospect of death on the gallows or long imprisonment rather than betray the man she

Detectives of three States are puzzled by the case. In order to save the girl her brother, Alfred Larsen, manager of the Iowa Telephore Company of Denison, Ia., and the lawyers he has employed are cooperating with the police in an effort to induce her to tell who really killed Ryan, or who her accomplice is.

So far they have failed. The girl stubbornly refuses even to admit that she had an accomplice, and from her bearing it is thought she will accept whatever penalty the law imposes, and the secret of who murdered Ryan will remain locked in her breast. It seems a case of a woman skielding her lover even unto death.

On July 14 two prospectors discovered Ryan's body lying under a clump of bushes in the cañon near Murray. It was covered with a blanket, and ten feet from it stood Ryan's travelling wagon, to which was tied Spot, Ryan's pet dog. The dog has developed into one of the important factors in the case

When the body was uncovered it was in such a state that immediate interment was ordered by the authorities. It was ascertained that heavy thongs were bound around the legs and arms, and a handkerchief had been tied in a tight knot around the neck. There was a big bruise and cut on the forehead.

Not a cent of money was found in the man's pockets, but in a small memorandum book was this entry:

"No fool like an old fool. James X Rvan and Aurora Hodge."

With this slight clue to work on, the detectives set out to solve the mystery. They discovered that three days before the body was found, on July 11, Ryan and a woman had left Ogden. This woman was identified as Aurora Hodge, who had canvassed Ogden for employment from July 7 to 11.

The girl had disappeared after the murder. She was finally traced to Denison, Ia., her home.

Before a warrant could be served on her she disappeared again, but turned up later at Grand Rapids, Mich., where she walked into the office of the chief of police, confessed that she had killed Ryan and asked to be taken into custody. In her confession the girl declared that

in May she married a man named Cornelius Hodge, at Los Angeles, and a week later left him, after a quarrel, and went to Ogden, Utah, to visit relatives and seek employment. She met in Ogden, the man she murdered and he hired her to go with him as his bookkeeper. They travelled for some time, living at good hotels, and all went well until they neared Salt

When they were on a lonely road a few miles from the city, Ryan attempted to assault her. She put up a fight and then pulled a revolver and fired at him, killing im. Her confession continues:

We were within a few miles of Salt Lake, and I decided to leave the brute in the wagon and walk to police headquarters and give myself up. When I reached the city my nerve failed me. I thought perhaps that | both leaped from their buggy the moment no one could ever know that I killed him. it clambered in. The frightened horse thought it would look as if he had killed

"With what money I secured from his money pouch before I left the wagon I purchased a ticket to Denison, where my brother and foster parents live. I took only \$45 of Mr. Ryan's money, as this was the sum he had collected at the Ogden Post Office for me. It had been mailed to me by Mr. Lange, whom I met at San Jacinto in May.

"While at Denison I decided to go at one to Grand Rapids and give myself up, for I could never feel satisfied until I had confessed and was punished for what I had

This confession was so at variance with the facts that the police decided to exhume the remains. Before this was done they told Mrs. Hodge that the body was bound when found and was lying near the roadside covered with a blanket. She seemed nfused for a moment, but quickly replied.
"Why, after I shot him I bound him for fear he might recover consciousness, but I never took the body out of the wagon." Then she became silent and refused to

discuss any phase of the case.
When the examination of the body was made the police discovered to their surprise that the only bullet wound was in the head, near the apex of the right ear. Experts declare that the wound could have been in flicted only while the man was lying flat on his,back, and that the bullet came from some one standing back of his head. The surgeons declared the wound must have caused nstant death.

Further investigation showed that where the arms and legs were bound they were lacerated, proving that Ryan had made desperate effort to free himself.
These discoveries so puzzleo

These discoveries so puzzled the de-tectives that they made another effort to induce Mrs. Hodge to tell the facts and if possible to compel her to divulge the name of the murderer, for it now seemed evident that it was an utter impossibility for the

The investigation proved that Ryan had been overpowered and bound, that he had made a desperate effort to free himself, and that while lying flat on his back a bullet that carried instant death had been fired Could this girl of 106 pounds have done this? Ryan was virtually an

have done this? Hyan was virtually an athlete and weighed 180 pounds.

But even her love for her brother could not induce Mrs. Hodge to betray the man who committed or aided her in committing the murder. In her long conversation with her brother and her attorney, Mrs. Hodge repeatedly reaffirmed her former story.

She once more contradicted herself by declaring again and again that she did not bind him hand and foot and knot a handkerchief around his throat. She declined point blank to affirm or deny that she was

with any person other than Ryan on the night of the murder.

She told a clear and concise story of her acquaintance with Ryan up to the night of July 11. After that time her statements were vague and contradictory and it was apparent she was shielding some one. Mrs. Hodge's pencil sketch of the camp was accurate in even minute details and her memory of events recording.

her memory of events preceding the murder was perfect. Her stories of her movements up to the same night were all corrorborated, yet her memory failed her when the actual commission of the crime was discussed, and she told stories that

revenues of the theatres of Paris is turned are at variance with one another.

Baffled by the girl's determination to shield the murderer, the detectives set out over to charitable purposes each year There are few countries, and fewer cities which do not collect some tax from the which do not collect some tax from the patrons of amusements, and the Russian application of the idea is not an innovation. It is merely an imitation.

More money is spent for amusement in the United States than in any other counfind her husband. He was located in California and it was shown conclusively that he was in Los Angeles when the crime was committed and that when his wife left him and went to Ogden he had given her up and hated her. This eliminated the try in the world. In no other country shand from the case.

later a photograph of a handsome man, 30 years old, bearing this inscription, was found among Mrs. Hodge's effects: "W. B. T., from Everywhere." A witness was discovered who identi-fed theight was the bad

T., from Everywhat A witness was discovered who identated the picture as that of a man be had seen in camp with Ryan and Mrs. Hodge, on July 11, the last day Ryan was seen alive. Mrs. Hodge denies that this man alive was save Ryan was with her or any other man save Ryan was with her during any part of the trip from Ogden. When asked who the man is, she simply

Then she refuses to utter one word more Every effort is now being made to locate this man. But when he left the Ryan camp on the night of the murder he covered up his trail so well that not one clue to his whereabouts has been obtained. It is evident that the "man from everywhere" is the lover the girl is shielding.
When asked point blank if the pictu of the stranger was not a likeness of the

of the stranger was not a inchess of the real murderer, she said doggedly:

"I killed Mr. Ryan to save my honor. There may be some discrepancies in my story, but I will tell it without change when I am on trial, and if necessary I will take the full penalty the law imposes and still say I did it. I alone killed him."

And there the case stands.

A peculiar feature of the mystery is the identification of Mrs. Hodge by Spot, the dead man's dog. This animal, tied to the wagon wheel, witnessed the murder of his

When Mrs. Hodge was taken to jail upon her arrival here Spot was in the cor-ridor. When he spied her he rushed to-ward her and barked with delight. Mrs. Hodge became violently agitated and ex-"Even the dog is a witness

Spot is being held to identify the "man rom everywhere," if he can be found. from everywhere," if he can be found.

Herwig Lange, a retired wagon manufacturer of Pittsburg, will be a witness.

Mrs. Hodge says that Lange sent her the

\$45 which Ryan collected for her at the Ogden post office the day they started on

In teply to this Lange has wired from Pittsburg that he never sent Mrs. Hodge a cent; that while he was in San Jacinto, in May last, he met Mrs. Hodge. She told him that she had been compelled to leave home on account of cruel treatment. He did not know she was married.

Mrs. Hodge says that this \$45 is all the noney she took from Ryan's body after she killed him. It is known that Ryan carried \$900 in gold with him, and that he was in the

habit of burying it at night.
The theory is that the murderer bound Ryan and when he refused to disclose the location of the buried treasure he was Mrs. Hodge is well educated. She ap-pears cheerful but determined to face the

music, no matter what is required of her to shield the man she loves. Those who have watched the girl say that she will never break down and betray her lover, and that her every action shows that she intends. and near home that she began to cry to save him at the sacrifice of her own life

Alfred Larsen, the girl's brother said: "Aurora never killed Ryan. The very idea of that frail girl overpowering Ryan and then binding him is ridiculous. She is shielding some one. Evidently she loves this man. Find him and you have the murderer. Aurora is determined to shield this man, even at the sacrifice of her own

HERE IS A FIREBALL SPOOK.

Legs "in Disorderly Array."

CALLAWAY, Neb., Aug. 22 -A spook of

the old style fire-displaying, man-pursu-

ing brand is racing around the country

stories of narrow escapes and fearful ex-

periences are told by belated travellers

upon the road. So panic-stricken is the

neighborhood that it is difficult to get co-

herent stories about the spook, and when

discussing the phenomenon the farmers

The apparition appears to have fixed

upon the old Swan place, a farm of once

unsavory repute, for its habitation. The

old house is otherwise untenanted. The

ghost is said to have leaped into the buggy

of Farmer Dickson, who was driving home

late at night with his wife. Both describe

the apparition in the same phrases, and

careered down the road and was found the

next morning five miles away. The ghost

sprang out after riding a quarter of a mile

Another young man, returning home

from escorting his girl from a country

roadside. He lashed his horse into a gallop

and, turning in at the next farmhouse,

could not be induced to stir a step until

daylight. A searching party went back

over the road, but could find nothing.

They describe the ghost as a large ball of fire, from which can be seen arms and

legs protruding in disorderly array. It moves with lightning speed, and invariably

ppears at a lonely spot in the road, where

here is a small bridge crossing a creek, he banks of which are thickly lined with

nearby say they are awakened in the night by rappings upon the doors, first one and then another. Upon opening them there

ing it worked easily upon its hinges. family is panic-stricken and has practically

abandoned the

Foundation."

ghost.

bandoned the place. Callaway whiskey has some powerful

properties, but none of those who have seen the ghost partake of it. An effort is to be made next week to lay the

TAXES ON AMUSEMENTS.

Pay \$150,000 a Year in License Fees.

covery that Russia has "the most curious tax in the world." It is called the amuse-

ment tax and was instituted about two

years ago to found an institution for the

poor under the title of the "Empress Marie

The tax is laid upon every amusement

ticket sold and the managers increase the

price accordingly. Already more than

A million roubles has an impressive sound,

but when reduced to American money it

does not amount to so much. A Russian

rouble, according to the standard of value

of foreign coins fixed by the United States

Treasury, is 51 cents, and a million roubles

effect soon after the beginning of the Span-ish-American War, every theatre in the

country had to pay \$100 annual tax, and the sum obtained from this source was \$47,178 in the first year and \$47,508 in the second.

Each of the theatres in the country pays an additional local tax, and in New York city this tax, which is \$500 for each house

amounts to \$25,000 a year, exclusive of the internal revenue tax. Actually, in a year, there is collected from theatres in the

United States about \$150,000, exclusive of \$100,000 a year from circuses, or, put according to the Russian monetary

standard, the equivalent of half a million

roubles a year.

An amusement tax is by no means new.

One has been in force in France for fully a century, and a stated percentage of all the

e the restrictions upon amusements so

Under the War Tax bill which went into

1,000,000 roubles have been raised.

is about half a million dollars.

Some one in England has made the dis-

Russian Charity-American Theatres

brush. The occupants of the farmhous

Others tell of similar experiences.

and disappeared in the woods.

keep close watch over their shoulder.

I heard the little tyke a-hollerin' away,' Mrs. Cassidy, who lives on the same floor, remarked in the course of the explanations, "and I brought him in here, and after I got ium quiet I give him a crust, and he ain't hardly been any trouble all day." Jennie's mother was appeased by the Moving Like Lightning in Nebraska With

EXCURSIONS FROM THE EAST SIDE

TO HUNTER'S ISLAND.

ountry Pleasures for Little Girls With

lounger Brothers and Sisters to Care

For-A Deserted Baby-A Little

Mother Who Belleves in Bace Suicide.

A place of joy is Hunter's Island, in the

It is a great deal more fun, especially

if one is under 12 and frail, to gather golden

rod and pick blackberries, to go in bathing

and to eat two plates of ice cream for din-

ner than it is to carry a baby up and down

tenement stairs and take care of it all day

long in close rooms or the street. That

is why little mothers are so anxious to go

to Hunter's Island that they will resort

to little subterfuges to get there and to

On Tuesdays and Thursdays parties

them, marshalled by the chaperons of

the Little Mother's Aid Society, seek the

Hunter's Island woods and shore, and it

was last Tuesday that one little mother

went in spite of obstacles. She had ob-

tained an outing badge at the society's

office in Second avenue, but the trouble

was that there was no one save herself

to take care of her brother, eight months

old, while her mother was away cleaning

windows in an office building. On this

account Jennie didn't dare to ask if she

At 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning he

mother went to work. Before 9 Jennie

had the baby dressed and fed and lulled

to sleep and was herself arrayed in her

very best. She had to hurry in the writ-

ing of the little note telling where she

had gone, but she reached the starting

Apparently no one enjoyed more than

she did the ride in the cars, and in the stage

through Pelham Bay Park and woods on

Hunter's Island up to the big house over-

looking the Sound. She went in bathing.

ate plenty of dinner and in the afternoon

filled her apron with apples to take back

It was not until Jennie was on the Third

avenue elevated train in the early evening

Then the story of her running away came

out. She was afraid to face her mother.

"Now don't you cry any more,"

claimed the young woman who had lent

a sympathetic ear to Jennie's recital of he

troubles. "I'll go home with you myself,

and it will be all right. You see if it isn't.'

stay as long as possible.

might go.

place in time.

to the city.

And it was.

Sound, for there the little mothers forget

their burdens.

tactful words of the teacher, and by the appies, which her small daughter had held in her apron tightly as a peace offering. "Sure, and we'll get four or five messes of apple sauce out o this, anyhow," was an

southeast of this city, and many weird observation with which she consoled herself for the danger to the baby.

Keen as the little mothers are about getting to Hunter's Island, they are even more

who are allowed to stay a week, are greatly envied by those who must return to the East Side after a single day of roaming in the woods and along the shore and on the grassy slopes around the fine stone house that is the society's country home. "Teacher, teacher, Annie am't here!" called out a shrili-voiced little girl in the train one afternoon when the children were

returning from a day's outing on the island. A hasty and agitated count by the chap-erons proved that this was true. It is difficult to keep track of each one of fifty youngsters on a trip involving changes. Anme might easily have strayed away unnoticed, nd visions of accidents destroyed the acc of mind of those who were responsible or the children.

But they learned that night that Annie was all right. She was still on Hunter's right. She was still on Hunter's When the time had come for her Island. to go home with the others, she had hidden away, but had put in an appearance when dance, saw the thing rise suddenly in the the horn blew for supper.

When the stage was about to start for the station on Tuesday a little mother, surrounded by a group of sympathizers, approached the superintendent with tears rolling down her cheeks.

"I-" came to stay for—for a week," she

sobbed, "but I got a mark, and the—the teacher says I must go home."
"Well, "said the superintendent soothingly," that's too bad. Will you promise me that you'll be such a good girl that

you won't get any more marks?"
"Yes'm," answered this repentant little
mother, eagerly brushing away the tears. "Well, then, you just take off your hat again, and go with the rest out to the swing, But, remember, I shall expect you to be one of the very best of my girls all week." "It is a rule that if a girl gets a bad mark

she has to go home," explained the super-intendent; "but I don't send a girl home once in a month. They are very easy little things to manage if you take the trouble to put yourself in a sympathetic relationship with them."

"I like this place just just farce." To

then another. Upon opening them there is nothing in sight.

The first time the noise was heard a feminine member of the family opened the door, only to have it slammed in her face. She could not open it again. The father and son tried to force it open, but were unable to move it an inch. The next mornable to move it an inch. The next mornable to move it an inch. The next mornable to move it an inch. "I like this place just—just fierce," re-marked Lizzie, settling back in her rock-ing chair on the porch, with a little sigh of contentment over the fact that she was staying, as she watched a crowd of the others climb into the stage. Lizzie, who is 12, is busy knitting a woollen jacket for a small sister at home.
"But it seems awful funny at night till

you get used to it," she went on. "It's so dark all around outside, and the bugs and things in the grass sing so dreary that you feel scary and kind o' wish you was home. But in the daytime you forget all

Within a few minutes after the children arrive at the house on Hunter's Island in th morning they go running down the grassy hill where small waves lap the sand between the rocks. As quickly as possible they don the bathing suits furnished by the society, and then the fun begins.

There are duckings and splashings and screams of laughter; a few who live in neighborhoods where there are free baths can swim. The majority have never been bathing before, and they approach the water gingerly until they gain courage from the example of the others.

"Teacher, are you allowed to get your suit wet?" asked one of the first little girls out of the bathhouse the other day. A little while after the bath is over the horn toots for dinner. The little mothers, who have heard that there is to be ice-cream, crowd eagerly into the wide hallway, form in a line impatiently, and, to the music of a lively air on the piano, march in to their places in front of long rows of plates with meat and potatoes and stewed

corn on them, and glasses of milk with big pieces of bread and butter on top. After dinner the little mothers go for dackberries in the woods, and gather big ounches of goldenrod and clover and black eyed susans in the meadow, and load their aprons with apples to take home for apple

"Do you see that round-faced little girl over there swinging?" said a chaperon. "She looks quite happy, doesn't she? She didn't look that way when we first found her, about two weeks ago. Her mothe was in the hospital and her father had dis appeared.

She had been living all alone in the tene ment for a day or two when the landlord came along and put the few pieces of furniture on the street and turned her over to a neighbor. The latter couldn't keep her, and when we picked her up she was sitting crying on the curb, with her litte undle in her arms." "Have you any little brothers and sisters

Mamie," asked the chaperon of a serious-faced child who was sitting near.

"Yes'm. I have one that high," answered Mamie, holding her hand on a level

her neck, "and one that high," lowering COUNTRY HOMES IN DEMAND OUTINGS OF LITTLE MOTHERS.

"Who takes care of them all?"
"I do, and I do the housework, too."
"I don't believe in children," volunteered an ex-little mother who had graduated, as many of them do, from housekeeping in a tenement to work in a department store nd was spending her vacation at Hunter's land. "Why not? That's easy. Be Island. cause they cost too much, and you can't tend to them right if you have to yourself

BUYS RAILROADS OUICKLY. President B. F. Yoakum's Way-Rock

Island System Second in Size. One of the results of recent events in Wall Street is that the Rock Island system has in two years become the second road, as regards mileage, in the United States. It has nearly 18,500 miles of track. This result was due to the purchase of the Seaboard Air Line system by the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, which belongs to

the Rock Island system.

In connection with the Seaboard and Terre Haute deals, Wall Street has found time to wonder at the methods of President B. F. Yoakum of the 'Frisco Railroad when it is a question of buying railroads. Within two years the silent and self-contained man who directs the 'Frisco's affairs has rought four railroads, and in every case has begun and closed the transaction within twenty-four hours.

THE PETRELS NESTING TIME Mother Carey's Chickens in Their Home in

the South Atlantic. From the London Spectator Gough Island rises almost sheer from the ablime deeps of the South Atlantic, a lonely summit of the stupendous mountain which stretches away down into the everlasting stillness and gloom of ocean's profoundest secrecies. Its sides are sullen precipices, hardly tenantable by the cliff-loving seabirds, yet between those frowning walls, where cosmic forces have riven them, may be seen tiny beaches, miniature havens into which the enormous billows never penetrate, but which are too small for even a seal to use. And, peering with keen eyes into these crannies, one may discern, tunnelling into the face of the friable rock, little galleries, easily marked by the white at their black openings.

In front of one of these stood on a day two little birds of an elegance and delicacy out of all keeping with their surroundings. Hardly as large as a thrush, but sturdier in body, their plumage was dark glossy brown with heads like balls of black velvet, a splash of white on the rump, square tails and slender legs like stiffened strands of black silk. The delicate webs of their feet were scarcely larger in area than a shilling and marked with a little splash of yellow in the centre.

They were the fairles of the deep sea, beloved f all mariners, and called indifferently Mother Carey's chickens or stormy petrels. That mysterious impulse governing the ovements of most birds had drawn them from their worldwide, restless wandering to this strange, lonely spot, on family cares intent, for it was February, the Southern

autumn, and the petrels' nesting time. So they stood side by side before their longdisused dwelling, while the furious western gale thundered past the island, and all other sounds were blended in one majestic, elemental chorus. The air was full of salt spray, but wind there was none where they stood, for the tempest, hurling itself against that narrow cleft, made a buffer of air through which no stress of storm could pass.

But as if entirely indifferent to the celestia war, as indeed they were, the pretty little birds finished their toilet, and, crouching, entered their tiny tunnel, cosiest of nooks, anxiout to remain when they have felt its after their long wandering. There was no charms. The poorest and most delicate, nest-building to do; all was ready; and presently the male bird shot out from the gallery, and, like a gleam, passed through the rift in the cliffs to the heart of the storm. (wonderful Nature! here that wee creature

Amid the thunderous rage of tormented seas he flitted so easeful, so secure. His bright eyes never blinked as they ranged everywhere in quest of food, and continually he stretched one slender leg and then another to touch the fretted surface over which he

Never yet was observer keen enough to notice the feeding of the tiny petrel in a gale; ut, suddenly rising a little he may curious movement with his tail and was gone, through the portals of the mountain, to his

so for three days he toiled to supply her needs and his own by day, and by night close nestling by her side in the cosy dark, exchanged twitterings of truest fellowship. Then came the anxious time of incubation, in which he took full share, sitting closely upon the whitish egg, while his mate took her mazy way among the billows and around that rugged peak. Never was partnership more perfect, equality of toil, of hope, of

love, more equitably established. And then, amid excitement so intense that the two tiny creatures seemed temporarily frantic, a brown puff ball with beady eyes and wide-gaping beak made its appearance. Pretty it was to see the assiduity with which Pretty it was to see the assiduity with which each parent, forgetting distinction of sex, took turn about in the family cares, or how swift was the transition from the darksome quiet of the little home, where the crash of the warring elements without was mellowed to a deep hum that yibrated through the bowels of the earth, to the crashing, shrieking, roaring conflict of storm and deep three yards

to a deep main that vibrated through the bowels of the earth, to the crashing, shrieking, roaring conflict of storm and deep three yards away.

The fledgling grew apace, and its sturdy wings developed rapidly. Father and mother coaxed and performed assiduously in the narrow space at their disposal, never wearying, ever noticing how each lesson brought the learner a step forward, till one bright day, with a low cry of delight, the father bird, closely followed by his pupil, shot out between the cliffs into the wideness beyond, and in a very ecstasy of rejoicing powers flashed from one breaker to another, followed closely as his shadow by his son.

Suddenly, as a climax to his joy, the male bird saw his glossy mate shoot seaward also, the fruition of their long vigil attained. They were perfectly happy. Back and forth they ditted, that happy trio, feasting royally, for the waters were swarming with tiny meduse, squid, and all the minor sea folk upon whom such countless myriads subsist, but who are rarely visible to man, except to one whose restless desire for knowledge of the sea people makes him wait and watch as closely as he who digs for gold. And just as the great disc of the sun was slowly settling behind the western sea rim the little family with one accord wheeled swiftly shoreward and as unerringly as if fired from a gun by a good marksman shot between the riven rocks into their quiet burrow.

Swiftly flew the days as the youngling grew and waxed strong, longer and longer were the hours during which it sped untiringly over the billows, no longer in imitation but in emulation of its parents, until one stormy day the father petrel swooped for a tasty squid, only to have it snapped up under his very beak by his son. Further proof of the self-sussialing powers of the newcomer was unnecessary, and five minutes later the faithful pair, their temporary attachment to the shore over, were speeding northward with

pair, their temporary attachment to the shore over, were speeding northward with many a mazy whirl and loving dalliance with the spray, as if in sheer exuberance of physical powers marvellous to behold in such ting birds

physical powers marvellous to behold in such thy birds.

The next day saw them where they fain would be, in closest companionship with a grand sailing vessel speedink homeward with all her mighty wings spread abroad to the bustling breeze. Like attendant fays they hovered about her, now in her wake, now with easy grace and no apparent effort gliding right ahead as she rushed along, and now poised as a butterfly over a flower, in the very turmoil and seethe of the spray around her rudder. At night, when only the murmur of the parted waves broke the blissful silence of the southeast trades, a quick ear might hear the gentle little call of bird to bird, a keen eye night see in the darkness alongside the fluttering passage of these wearlless companions.

Then a thoughtless young officer without occupation one Sunday afternoon fastened a piece of fat to a fishing-line and made a thread of newly tarred twine fast to that. He trailed it astern, and one of the confiding birds immediately descended, only to find its little legs entangled and itself drawn on deck.

Fortunately, just then the master came and

Fortunately, just then the master came and saw. Taking the young man by the arm as he held the fluttering captive for examination, the master drew him to the side where the bereaved mate in an agony of loss was making frantic dashes at the steel side of the ship. ship. Let that bird go, sir," said the master uly, "and never let me see you molest a

sternly, and never to be a second of the petrel again."

Released, the pretty creature fled, closely followed by its rejoicing partner; and none of the crew saw either of their little friends any more.

F. T. BULLEN.

THERE'S A GROWING DISTASTE FOR COUNTRY BOARDING.

Men of Moderate Means Who Were Content With Hotel Life Hire or Buy Cottages for Their Families-Chance for Good Investments in Renting to Them.

The desire to be a householder in the summer time is stronger in the United States this year than ever before, and, in the opinion of real estate agents and other authorities on the subject, this disposition grows stronger yearly. Some of the larger resorts in this country which first sheltered their guests in hotels, gradually became villa settlements, until the life of the hotels grew to be of very little

Narragansett Pier and Bar Harbor were the most notable instances of this change. Nowadays the life of those places is confined almost entirely to the cottages, although the hotel guests manage to have a good time among themselves.

The new house seekers, though, are not of the kind found at these places. They do not build handsome and expensive homes They want, in the first place, something that will serve them as a living place during the summer months in which they will be able to live their lives just as they do at home. They object to changing their entire mode of living just because they have gone into the country. The peculiarity of hotel life, the caprices and exactions of landlords and the other inconveniences inevitable to living in some one else's house have combined to make per-sons of moderate means, as well as rich folks, eager to have their own homes for

the summer.

To be near New York is, of course, the desire of most of these lessees of small houses. A result of this has been to put nouses. A result of this has been to put into the market many houses which had not been contemplated as possible summer homes for New Yorkers. Some of them were farmhouses were farmhouses, others the homes of regular residents of the villages, and new lumbing, paint and paper have freshened them up until they rent now for three months at twice what they used to cost vear.

A young man of means looking for a good way of investing some of his wealth built recently a number of charming houses down on Long Island, within a short distance of the city, and now rents them on reasonable terms, if a three-year lease is taken He finds that it pays well. The first built were immediately rented, and he now builds the house when the tenant appears willing to sign a lease for three

The demand for inexpensive houses in the country," said a real estate agent in West Forty-second street, "began five or seven years ago and has increased steadily. We can rent or sell almost any old thing in the way of a house nowadays, so long as it is in the country and not too high. The demand for these houses comes so quickly that the supply is not large. But investors have seen that money is to be made by providing inexpensive houses, and the supply will soon be much larger. It is not only the persons who want to ent houses who are getting into the counry. Small houses to be bought are constantly being sought

want some place to call my own "I want some place to call my own and go to every summer without this rushing around trying to find a place that suits,' is what we hear every day," said the same real estate man. "But these house owners of the new type are not wealthy. They want the house and the land for as little as they can get it for, and it is usually necessary to make for them the most favorable conditions about payments. conditions about payments.

"Ten years ago this type of man never ought of building a house in the country. went for a few weeks to a hotel or boarding house, and was delighted to do that. But now the trend of taste in this country has changed, and every man who can possibly afford it seems to want to own his own home for the summer, or, if he can't do that, to rent somebody else's. In any case, he doesn't want to live in a hotel o boarding house, if he can help it.

FEATS OF A ONE-HANDED MAN. John A. De Baun, Printer, Miller, Melod Maker, Gunsmith and Author.

A three minutes' walk from the station at Tallman, Rockland county, N. Y., brings one to a two-story building close by a little stream and an artificial pond. Here John A. De Baun has worked many years, accomplishing what it might seem impossible nests of those birds again. The corfor any one to do without a pair of good quences might be worse the next time. complishing what it might seem impossible hands.

Mr. De Baun was born Jan. 8, 1827. When two years old he suffered a stroke of paralysis which left his right arm useless. There is a little activity in the hand, which can

feebly grasp an object placed in it. Farly he manifested a mechanical turn of mind, and when a boy surprised his parents and playmates by making toys. A stock and dies made out of horseshoenail rod with a file, bow guns, matchlock guns, a turning lathe, windmills and waterwheels operating trip-hammers were some of the boy's handiwork

of the boy's handiwork When a young man he made the patterns or much of the iron work of a lathe which e has used for fifty years and more. This lathe is made left-handed, especially adapted

He built up a general repairing business. and repaired guns, clocks, pumps, tinware, and the like. He has made many a gunstock, and he constructed a wooden-barrelled gun, which has been successfully fired.

Having both a fondness and a good ear for music, it was natural for him to become interested in musical instruments. He first took up the accordeon, and for years had a good business in repairing such instruments when they were used more than they are to-day.

About the headinging of the civil

than they are to-day.

About the beginning of the civil war he started to make melodeons. He did the work himself, even to sawing the scroll-for the bookracks, putting the ivory on the keys, venering the case and tuning and voicing the reeds. Few men have convoletely built musical instruments. and voicing the reeds, rew men have more completely built musical instruments that has Mr. De Baun—His melodeons were noted for being well built and full and rich in tone. The organ has displaced the melo leon, and Mr. De Baun has practically ceased the manufacture of musical instru-

ments.

The printer's realm was next invaded, and for several years Mr. De Paun did quite a business in the way of printing circulars and labels. Not satisfied with his press. he by ingenious devices converted it into a self-inking rotary press.

About twenty years ago Mr. De Baun decided to put a set of millstones into his shop and grind his own chicken feed With no experience in such work he cut down, refaced and furrowed a set of old millstones, remodelled the machinery and built other recessary apparatus.

From the first it was a success. Not

only was corn cracked for the chickens and the horses, but buckwheat was ground for the house. Soon the neighbors began to patronize the new miller. The business has grown, and new machinery and ap-paratus have been added from time to time, ntil new general milling is done.

He purchased a small, 20-inch set of uninished millstones and made them into a

rigid underrunner mill. This is believed by him to be the first set of millstones so set up. Since then the method has become set up. Since the set up. Since the set up. Since the set up. In fact, many devices in all parts of the shop prove Mr. De Baun to be an inventor. Although he has never to be an inventor. taken out a patent, he has seen some of his ideas and devices patented afterward

by others.

Besides being engaged in these mechanical pursuits Mr. De Baun has found time to do some literary work. He has several unpublished manuscripts on religious and metaphysical subjects.

Mr. De Baun is now 76, straight as an analysis and metaphysical subjects.

Mr. De Baun is now 10, straight as an arrow and walks as spryly as a young man of twenty. He is ready to converse on almost any subject from the number of barrels of water a miruto that runs over the water wheel in his mill to the action of the nervo-electric forces in hypnotic pheTOLD BY THE TIGHT-WIRE MAN. Tale of Infurtated Pigeons Who Didn't

Know a Samaritan in Fancy Dress. "Yes," said the man who walks the high wire to give thrills to the crowd at Coney Island, "walking the rope is a dangerous job at the best, but I never thought until the other day that my career might be cut off disastrously by a bird. That's the very way, though, in which I came the nearest that I have ever come to passing in my existence ticket since I began to walk fence rails up in Michigan in imitation of the circus lady in the pink tights.

"The thing came about in a funny way had started out to walk the wire, 140 feet above the ground, from my perch to the high tower in the middle of the grounds the other day when, as I glanced along the wire, I saw a white object on the stretch ahead of me. I hurried my stunt through to see what it was, and when I reached the object I found that it was a young pigeon. I thought it would probably fly away at my approach, but it didn't, and I then saw that was too young to do much work with its wings and that it was too scared to make the attempt. I do a sort of clown undressing act up

here in the air. Well, when I took off my wig I put the pigeon in it and sent the little fellow in it to safety on the ground along one of the slanting wires. He got there and one of the attendants whom I had warned with a shout took care of the little chap until I got to the ground.

"I took the pigeon up to the tower, where knew there were a number of pigeon ests. There were no big birds there then, but I looked through all the nests and finally found one from which it appeared that one bird was missing. I put the little fellow in that. I am naturally fond of birds and animals and I was glad to see the little chap back home.

"I had hardly put him in the nest when a whole flock of the big pigeons thrashed into the tower and two of them, which were evidently the parents of my foundling, began to bat their wings on my head and peck at me. They were so bent on punishing me that I was rather glad to get away from them and climb to the ground.

"I didn't think any more of the affair until the next day, when I had to repeat my tight-wire stunt. I got out nearly to the middle of the wire and was getting off some particularly hair-raising acts when a whole flock of pigeons-perhaps thirty or forty-swooped out of their nests among the electric light bulbs in the tower and dashed straight at me. I had just got back to a fairly sefe position from a very difficult posture when the birds came at me, beating me with their wings and pecking at my scantily protected body.

"They actually scared me a whole lot and, what is more, they hurt me so much that in self-protection I had to try my bes to beat them off. I had to use a good deal of care, for, let me tell you, this business of cutting up shines on a wire is not so easy as some people think. To tell the truth I felt at one time that I had about reached my limit. I slatted at them with my arms nd they came back at me harder than I caught two or three glimpses of the crowd below and saw that the people were evi-dently wondering what was the matter. That sort of gave me a stage fright. the birds began to let up a little and when I had recovered my nerve again they left me and went back to the tower.

"The boss of the show asked me all about when I got down, and when I told him he said he would have all the nests torn out of the lower. I said that that would

'If you do that,' I said, 'they'll come at me with all their friends to-morrow and give me such a drubbing that you'll have to cut out my part of the show altogether. Let 'em alone and I guess they'll reason it out that I am not trying to harm 'em and that instead of having attempted to rob a nest I was really putting one of the young-sters back where he belonged. Wait a day

and see what will happen, anyway.

"The boss agreed to wait, and, sure enough, I was right. The next day two of there is to enjoy in New York in January mother of the little fellow whose life I had saved—came out at me and tried their best to whack me and peck at me, but they didn't succeed in getting any help from their neighbors and the two soon abandoned

the attack. Since that time I have not been bothered.
"Just the same, I am not going near the

THE 'PHONE AT THE TABLE. An Arrangement by Which You Can Use

the Instrument While You Eat. A man accompanied by two women entered an uptown restaurant the other night and sat down at a table near the wall, toward the rear of the room. After the man had given his order to the waiter

he added: "Oh, yes; and bring me a telephone." "A telephone?" repeated one of the women. "How can you eat a telephone?" "It's the latest wrinkle," responded the

man. "Wait and you will see." Sure enough, the waiter returned in few minutes with a desk telephone and several yards of silken electric cord. The telephone was placed on the dinner table. and the waiter then attached the silken cord to a socket in the side wall.

The man of the party picked up the re ceiver, moved the telephone into a convenient position and then asked central to give him the box office of a Broadway theatre. After ordering three seats for the performance that night he asked the to them. women with him if they had any message they wished to send to any one. One of the women telephoned to her

hotel about some rings she had mislaid. and the other telephoned to a friend relative to a shopping engagement for the next day. By the time they had finished with the telephone the waiter had returned with the dinner. Before serving it he disconnected the silken cord from the wall socket and carried the telephone awav.

"These portable telephones," said the head waiter of the restaurant, after the party had gone to the theatre, "are novelties which are fast becoming popular. We have just introduced them here.

a private branch telephone exchange which we maintain in an upper room. Each wire and socket has a number, and a guest at and socket has a number, and a guest at a table can arrange to have a friend call him up on the telephone while he is at the prices. If three or four of the condinner. "Of course we charge something for the

service. If you will read the bill of fare you will see that the charge for a telephone at the table is only 25 cents. In addition to this charge for making the connection there are the usual charges for each call "These 'phones are a great convenience.

Many men become impatient while waiting for the waiters to serve their orders, and table 'phone often serves a useful pur-

pose by giving diners something to keep them busy.

"Another advantage is apparant in the business part of the town. Brokers going out for lunch can reserve certain tables in advance and keep in constant communication with their control of the constant communication. cation with their offices, even though they spend an hour or more at lunch. It enables them to eat with more composure.

"Most of the high-priced restaurants are installing these table 'phones, and they these table 'phones, and they appreciated by the public, for must be appreciated by the public often half a dozen are in use at the same time in our establishment. WISDOM OF A SUMMER HOSTESS

ONE WOMAN WHO TAKES HER HOLIDAYS IN WINTER

And Spends Them Here in Town-She Dodges Summer Resorts and Does Her Entertaining in Warm Weather-Good

Times in Her Pretty Turkish Veranda Orientalism has a wide range in the scheme which a clever suburban woman has worked out for the decoration of her veranda. It is a porch that lends itself peculiarly to doings and fixings of this kind-broad and long, and built on two sides of the house,

which gives it a convenient corner. "If I knew just what to call it," said its designer, "I'd give it a name. If it were not for the Turkish things that are used in it I might say it was Japanese, and if it were not for the Japanese things it might be an outdoor Turkish corner.

"The screens and the matting on the floor and the lanterns are Japanese. The divan and the foot rests are Turkish, and so are the tabouret and the lantern that hangs from the chains. The hammock and the chairs and the other things are just plain American, and there you are."

It will not be hard to guess that this pretty screened veranda, with its soft colored lights and its comfortable furnishings, is seldom lacking in evening visitors. The family who own the house have their after-dinner coffee served there. and somehow both it and the cigarettes and cigars that go with it seem to taste better in the half light and the evening breeze than they would in the dining room. The woman who added this touch of com-

fort and prettiness to her home has other ideas of summer and winter enjoyment that add not a little to her popularity. "Have you noticed," she asked one day recently, "how many complaints there are this year about the impositions and hardships of living at the summer resorts? Hardly a day goes by that some friend doesn't write to tell me about the bad service and the overcharges she has to put

up with at a summer hotel. I know all about it, for I used to go through with is annually myself. "But all that is over for hubby and me. This is our home. And what is there in any summer resort that we can't have here close to New York? We can get on a trolley car and in fifteen minutes we are ready for an ocean bath. We keep a little sloop, and when we feel like sailing we walk down to the landing, call the club launch and go

"There are tennis courts and golf links equally near, and good roads for wheeling and driving and automobiling in all directions.

"In addition to all that, this is homenot a summer cottage, which is only half a home at the best, but the place where all we have is gathered for us to enjoy. And for our friends to enjoy, too, for we do our entertaining in the summer, and in the winter we take our holidays.

"During the greater part of July, August and September there are guests under our roof. Then for about three months we entertain very little. In the Christmas holidays we give a house party, and after

that we are ready for our annual outing. "A queer time, you think, for an outing? Well, let's see. Soon after New Year's Day we close up the house, just as most of you do in June, and put straight for the city. Part of the time while we are away we are entertained in the homes of those who have been our guests in summer. we are entertained in the nomes of those who have been our guests in summer, and part of the time we have apartments in a family hotel, where we get far more and pay considerably less than the folks who go to the summer hotels. You never have to complain about the food and the service in a properly regulated New York hotel, and you never feel that you are being swindled, as you generally do at a summer swindled, as you generally do at a summer

and February-I mean for people who are just seeking enjoyment? The theatres just seeking enjoyment? The theatres are then at their best, the opera season is on and town life generally is at high tide. Then, too, we who live out of town for nine or ten months of the year are more

keen in the appreciation of it than you who spend most of your days in the city. "Now, mine isn't a practicable scheme for people with small children, but for those who have none, or whose youngsters are old enough to be left somewhat to themselves, it is altogether feasible.

"The expense? Well, it doesn't cost any

more than a summer vacation, and perhaps not so much. You save the cost of running your house, just as you do if it is closed in Then how much extra do you allow for two months at the seashore or in the mountains? Two hundred dollars? Three

hundred dollars? Five hundred dollars

That depends of course upon your means. But, whatever it may be, you will get more for it in New York in winter than you will anywhere else in summer. "And in the clearing house of social

willing to contract our debts in winter and pay them in summer?" WHEN THE STOCKS WENT DOWN. Bucket Shops in Prosperity-Defalcations

in Banks Another Result. One result of the decline in stocks, on which Wall Street is speculating with interest, is the profits accuring to bucket shops. The customers of these institutions rarely sell stocks; they generally buy, and a declining market brings woe

Some of the bigger bucket shops carry thousands of accounts. The managers never actually buy and carry the stocks ordered, but enter a notice of the order on a sheet. They practically bet with the customer that the particular stock he has

selected will not go up. If it happens to go up they pay him on demand. Usually, however, he does not draw his profits, but buys, or bets, more If a number of customers, on a rising market ask for their profits the proprietors of the institution are likely to fade away at

The long-continued decline, therefore, was exactly to the taste of the bucket-shop people. Wall Street is of the decided opinion that many of the unfounded and "Each table is so arranged that there is a socket handy to which we can attach a portable telephone. The wires all lead to a private branch telephone are below to the bucket shops. The rumors that were set affeat during the decline, whether regarding individuals or corporations, might be private branch telephone are below to the bucket shops. The rumors helped to put the market down and the

customers out.

The Street also believes that on the last cerns, carrying in all 100,000 shares on the books, could get together and sell stocks represented down two or three points. enough to wipe out the usual bucket margins, it is evident that they we

in two or three hundred thousand dollars In any event, there are certain unmista able evidences of prosperity around the headquarters of most of the bucket she One concern, which has branches in the cities of any size the country over. said to have cleaned up between January and the first of this month some more than \$1,200,000. As the declines averaged nearly 40 points it may be the profits of the concern have not overestimated.

The Street also points to defalcations bank cashiers as a result of the slump. The average defaulting cashier, particularly in the country, is like the patron of the bucket shop, in that he is likely to buy stocks. If the market goes up he sells them, restores his peculations and keps the profits. A declining market gonerally the profits. A declining market generally makes exposure inevitable.

Again were the police baffled. A day few.